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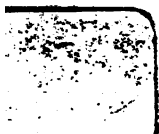
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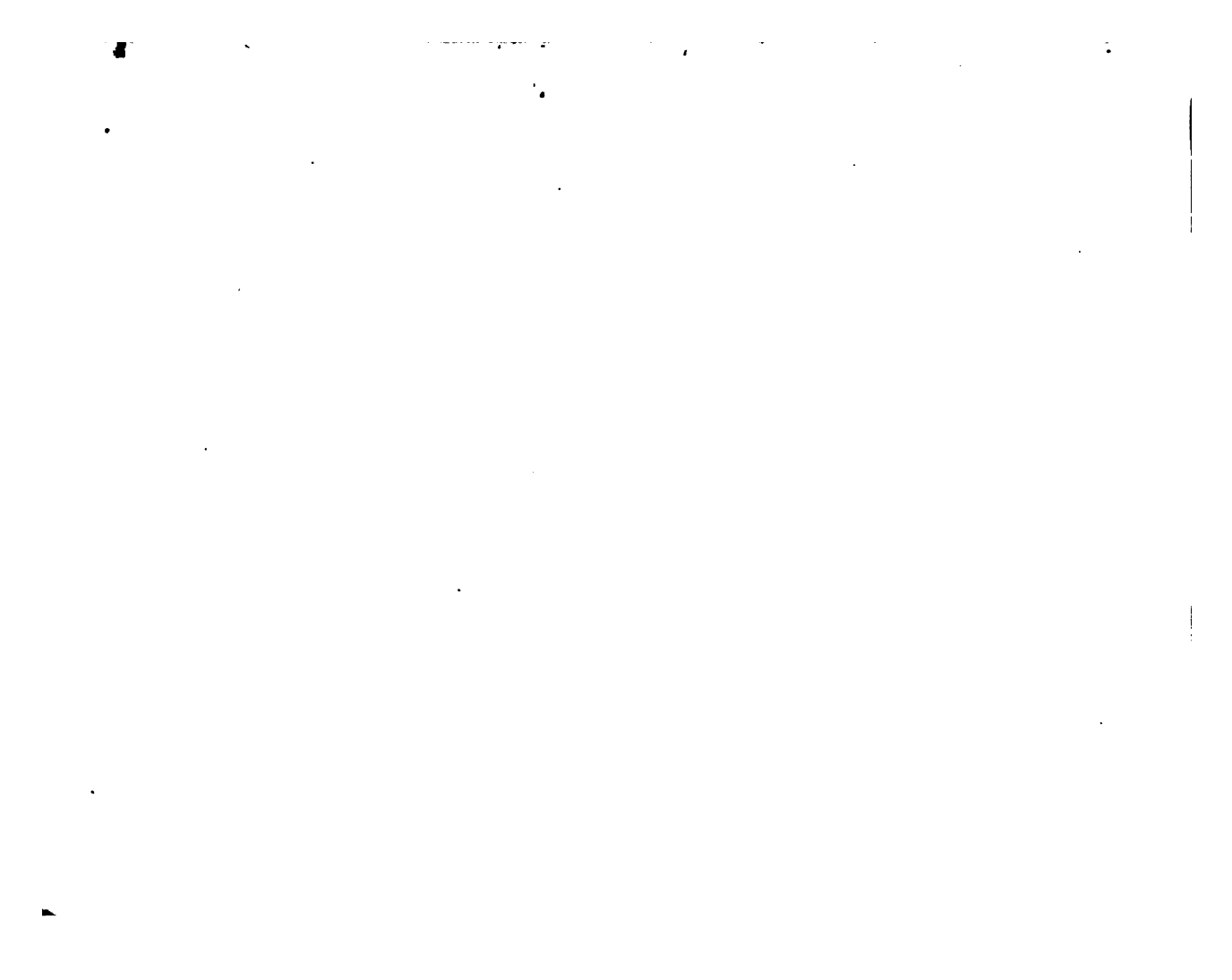


BRAY

NAS







DEC 31 1924

★ Thomas Ollus

November 1922

Presented to the N.Y. Public  
Sept. 19, 1924.





16, 1882  
4/5 H.C.

# The Baby's Journal

DESIGNED AND COMPILED

By

S. ALICE BRAY.



NEW YORK.

Anson D.F. Randolph & Co.

300 BROADWAY, COR. 20TH ST.

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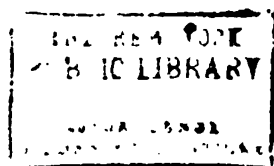
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Name - Thomas Marcus Olive



THE BAIRN THAT IS BORN ON THE SABBATH DAY.  
IS LUCKY AND BONNY AND BLITHE AND GAY.

MONDAY'S BAIRN IS FAIR OF FACE:

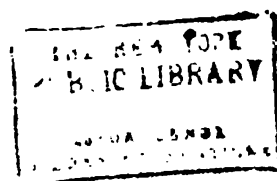
TUESDAY'S BAIRN IS FULL OF GRACE:

WEDNESDAY'S BAIRN NEED FEAR NO FOE:

THURSDAY'S BAIRN HAS FAR TO GO:

FRIDAY'S BAIRN IS LOVING AND GIVING.

BUT SATURDAY'S BAIRN MUST WORK FOR HIS LIVING.



THE BAIRN THAT IS BORN ON THE SABBATH DAY.  
IS LUCKY AND BONNY AND BLITHE AND GAY.

MONDAY'S BAIRN IS FAIR OF FACE:

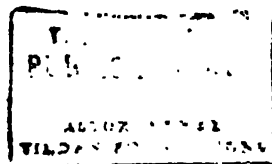
TUESDAY'S BAIRN IS FULL OF GRACE:

WEDNESDAY'S BAIRN NEED FEAR NO FOE:

THURSDAY'S BAIRN HAS FAR TO GO:

FRIDAY'S BAIRN IS LOVING AND GIVING

BUT SATURDAY'S BAIRN MUST WORK FOR





SOMEBODY'S GOME.

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM BABY DEAR?  
OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE INTO THE HERE.

WHERE DID YOU GET YOUR EYES SO BLUE?

OUT OF THE SKIES AS I CAME THROUGH

WHAT MAKES THE LIGHT IN THEM

SPARKLE AND SPIN?

SOME OF THE STARRY SPIKES LEFT IN.

WILSON

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT LITTLE TEAR?

I FOUND IT WAITING WHEN I GOT HERE.

WHAT MAKES YOUR FOREHEAD SO SMOOTH  
AND HIGH?

A SOFT HAND STROKED IT AS I WENT BY.

WHAT MAKES YOUR CHEEK LIKE A WARM WHITE ROSE  
SOMETHING BETTER THAN ANY ONE KNOWS.



WHENCE THAT THREE CORNERED SMILE OF BLISS?

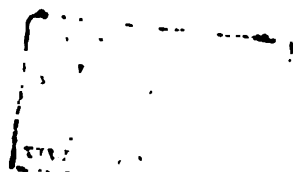
THREE ANGELS GAVE ME AT ONCE A KISS.

WHERE DID YOU GET THIS PEARLY EAR?

GOD SPOKE, AND IT CAME OUT TO HEAR.

WHERE DID YOU GET THOSE ARMS AND HANDS?

LOVE MADE ITSELF INTO HOOKS AND BANDS.



FEET. WHENCE DID YOU COME, YOU DARLING THINGS?  
FROM THE SAME BOX AS THE CHERUB'S WINGS.  
HOW DID THEY ALL JUST COME TO BE YOU?  
GOD THOUGHT ABOUT ME, AND SO I GREW.  
BUT HOW DID YOU COME TO US, YOU DEAR?  
GOD THOUGHT OF YOU, AND SO I'M HERE.

GEO. MC DONALD.

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Weighing  
the Baby†



1

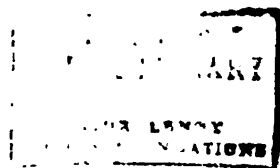
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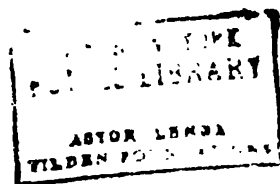
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# WEIGHING THE BABY.

HOW MANY POUNDS DOES BABY WEIGH,  
"BABY WHO CAME A WHILE AGO  
HOW MANY POUNDS FROM CROWNING CURL  
TO ROSEY POINT OF THE RESTLESS TOE?



Nobody weighed the baby's smile,  
Or the love that came with the helpless one;  
Nobody weighed the threads of care  
From which a human life is spun.

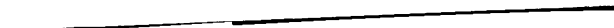
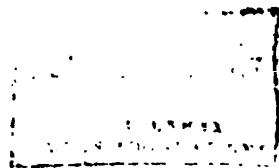


O MOTHER, SING YOUR MERRY NOTE!

O FATHER, LAUGH, BUT DON'T FORGET

FROM BABY'S EYES LOOKS OUT A SOUL

TO BE IN EDEN'S LIGHT RESET!





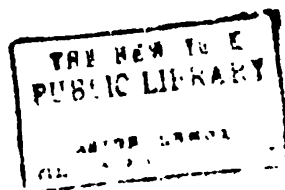
Nobody weighed the baby's soul,  
For here on earth no weights there be  
That could avail God only knows  
Its value through eternity.

ETHEL LYNN.

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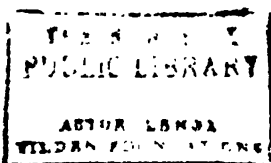
# Morning Bath



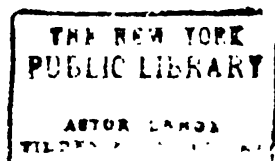


THE BABY I LOVE.

THE BABY THAT LIES ON MY KNEE,  
WHILE I STRIP IT, AND BATHE IT, AND KISS IT-OH!  
TILL WITH BATHING AND KISSING 'TIS ALL AGLOW;  
YES, THIS IS THE BABY FOR ME.

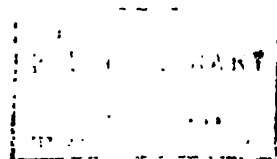


# ITEMS.

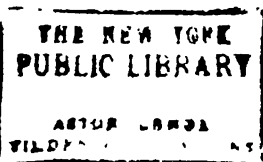




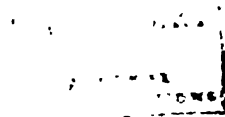
ITEMS.







Gifts.



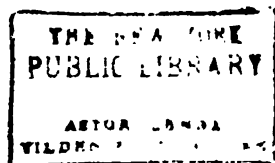


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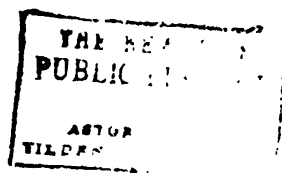


Only a Baby Small.

Only a baby small,  
Dropt from the skies;  
Only a laughing face,  
Two sunny eyes.

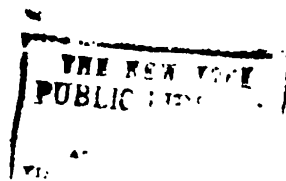


Only two cherrg lips,  
One chubbg nose;  
Only two little hands,  
Ten little toes.

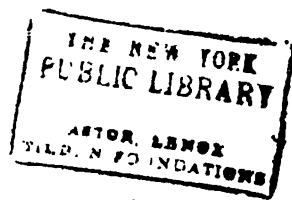


Oft in the  
Stilly night :



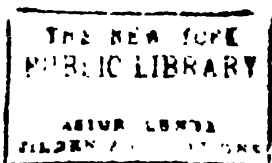


Only a golden head,  
Curly and soft;  
Only a tongue that wags,  
Loudly and oft;

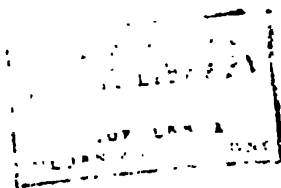




Only a little brain,  
Empty of thought;  
Only a little heart,  
Troubled with naught.



Only a tender flower,  
Sent us to rear;  
Only a life to love  
While we are here.



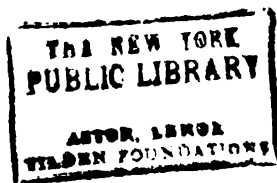
Only a baby small,  
Never at rest;  
Small, but how dear to us,  
God knoweth best.

Mathias Barr.

1941

Learning  
to walk





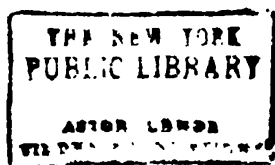


## Learning to Walk.

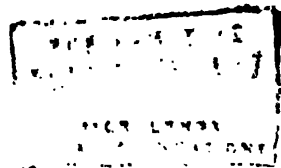
Only beginning the journey,  
Many a mile to go,  
Little feet, how they patter,  
Wandering to and fro.

13

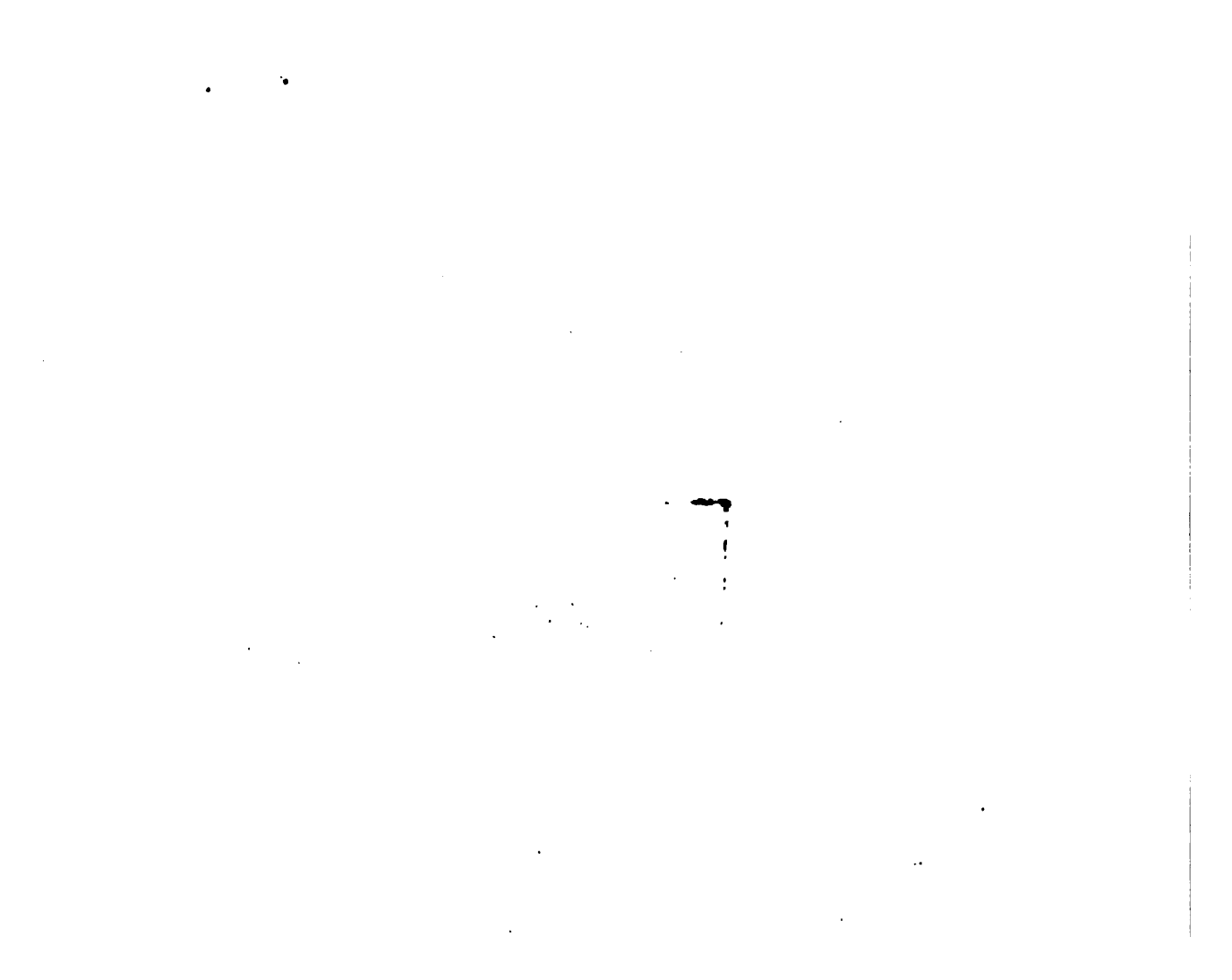
Trying again so bravely,  
Laughing in baby glee;  
Hiding its face in mother's lap,  
Proud as a baby can be.



Tottering now and falling,  
Eyes that are going to cry,  
Kisses and plenty of love words,  
Willing again to try.



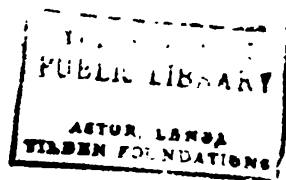
Father of all oh guide them,  
The pattering little feet,  
While they are treading the uphill road,  
Braving the dust and heat.





Aid them when they grow weary,  
Keep them in pathway blest,  
And when the journey's ended,  
Saviour, oh give them rest.

Geo. Cooper.





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# LITTLE FEET.

TWO LITTLE FEET, SO SMALL THAT BOTH MAY NESTLE  
IN ONE CARESSING HAND,

TWO TENDER FEET UPON THE UNTRIED BORDER  
OF LIFE'S MYSTERIOUS LAND.

1950  
15000  
15000  
15000

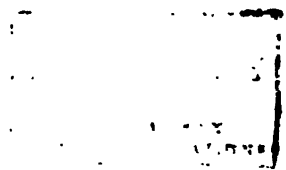
AH! WHO MAY READ THE FUTURE? FOR OUR DARLING

WE CRAVE ALL BLESSINGS SWEET,

AND PRAY THAT HE WHO FEEDS THE CRYING RAVENS.

WILL GUIDE THE BABY'S FEET.

Florence Perry.





NO INDEX TELLS THE MIGHTY WORTH  
OF A LITTLE BABY'S QUIET BREATH!  
A SOFT, UNCEASING METRONOME,  
PATIENT AND FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.



1-2-3

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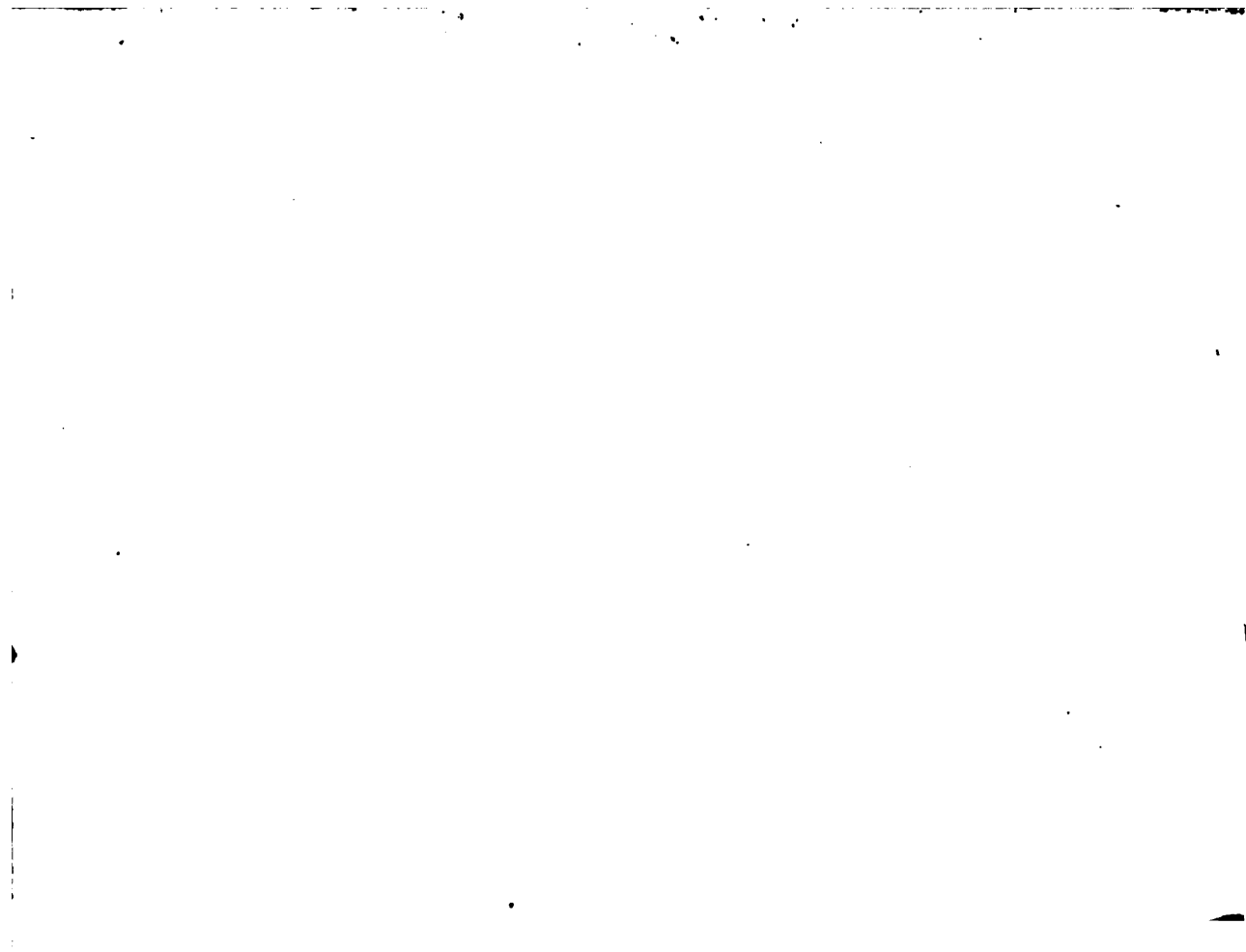




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